## LIEUT, LENDHEIM

ma, morneyor, about \$2, chour, ducated and a good doul of a man world in a Garman sort of way. A all these charms of mind and or united in a single individual.

out among his friends that like White, the daughter of Colonel s, a New York broker, who, with set, was spending the winter in should full a caption to the court that he paid her from ret. The wonder really was that taid out as long as she day, for it uite two mouths after she led dust its before she agreed, at life agricul of a curtain time, to become his

quired of him. These inciden-iminaries having been thus estis-y arranged, the bride to be and ther—whom the lieutenant in mother—whom the lieutenant in a unaffected way already called mamma"—set out for Paris to under-its the real, serious business of the fair, and for the next few months by were absorbed by the shops and

History does not chronicle the doings of the lieutement in Vienna during these weeks of waiting, but lovelers letters as pink paper with a crest came regularly to Miss Mary White—she hated the pink paper, but adored the crest—and were answered by her in good time. Like all protracted erasons of longing and waiting, this, too, at last went sy, and not only had the dresses and other paraphernalis been sent home from Paris, but the lieutement at last found himself on a Bremen steamer half way

himself on a Bremen steamer half way to New York, whither Miss White and her mother had already preceded him. He arrived early one stifling morning in the pleasant suburb of Hoboken. By

in the pleasant suburb of Hobeken, By a series of controtenips, although the wessel had been reported the evening before, neither Him White nor any member of the family, nor even the conchunan, met him at the pier. Ho was forced to drive alone as best he might, to the apartments of an old athletic friend in Fifty-ninth street, with whom, as had been arranged, he was to lodge while in New York. He finally reached the metropolis in a very reached the metropolis in a very ged frame of mind. Such a little mixed frame of mind. Such a little matter as this, however, although it wounded the lieutenant's vanity, even in his present state of submissiveness, was easily and satisfactorily smoothed over and soon forgotten, and the few days intervening before the wedding were speet in a round of gayety. So much did he see in such a short time—so many persons and places—that to this day he does not know whether Delinson's is a street or a theater, or that

monico's is a street or a theater, or that Riverside drive is not a part of the ber, and that is the exact location of the Church of the Holy Trinity, which he vows he could find in the dark

—but that is anticipating the story.

When the day of the wedding came
—the ceremony had been fixed for the
evening—the lieutenant drew a sigh of relief. Somehow or other the New York visit had not been quite mitisfac-tory to him. He had been whisked about so that it had not only confused him, but had begun to tell upon him physic-ally. Worse than all this, although he had been constantly in Miss White's company, somebody or other had always been there, too, and they had not even had an opportunity, as he reflected somewhat bitterly, with an old world conception of the part he was playing, for a single comfortable tota-a-tote or an exchange of confidences. This particular day he had been denied-heartlevely, he thought, though they told him it was a necessary preliminary—the first night of the beloved object until he should meet her at the altar, and he had rather a wretched time, which he epent variously in retrospection, polish-ing his curtouch and vigorously rubbing up other metal parts of his equipments. Upon one thing he certainly congretulated himself, and that was that the end was near, and that his troubles were almost over.

The wedding was to be a military one to a certain extent. The groomst was to be the Austrian consul in uniform, and with that minute attention to detail that characterized all the wedding preparations it had been arranged that out of compliment to the diplomat and the nationality of the groom him-self the Austrian ostional bywn should be played during the service. The ceremony was to take piace at 8 e'clock at the Church of the Holy Trinity.

Now, it must be borne in mind that there are in New York no less than three churches of the Protestant Episcopai denomination having Trinity as a of all, there is Trinity church proper, or Old Trinity, which, as everybody knows, is on Breadway, opposite Wall street; then there is its immediate offshoot, Trinity chapel, extending from West Twenty-fifth to West Twenty-sixth street, near Drozedway, and, finally, there is the Church of the Holy Trinity, almost marginal way, and the church of the Holy Trinity, almost marginal way, and the church of the Holy Trinity, almost marginal way. ready mentioned, which stands at the corner of Madison avenue and Forty-second street. The three churches bear no sort of resemblance to each other in shape or eigh and, as has been stated, they are block after block of city streets

The first of Lientenant von Lendheim's missiventures, and, he it said, the moving cause of them all, was, in a certain sense, not his own fault. They had so many things to attend to around at the Whites' that he had been left rather neglectfully to arrange for his own carriage to take him to the church. It only occurred to him late in the afternous that it was necessary to have a a mossenger, and when he came gave him a verbal order to the liveryman in the next street. The ilentenant had al-ways maintained, and even new, when he can view the matter to a certain extent disposionately, still maintains that he gave the order correctly to the messenger boy. However that may be, the boy unquestionably told the liverymen that the carriers was to so from

The carriage drove up to the dene of appared, came clausing down to front stope and entered.
"You know where to go?" he mid to

pevenions.

His mind, when he first get into the carriage, was almost in a which at the investiges, was almost in a which at the investiges, was almost in a which at the investiges of the event that was shout to transform his life, and it now had plusty of time to remuse the normal candiffes of tringuility. The journey meeted long to bim, much beoger than he had supposed, but any distance, he reflected, would appear great at such a time, and he held his peace. His endurance, however, at last gave out, and he was just on the point of appealing to the driver, when that unsuspecting individual few up with a fourish, and in a trice held described and opened the drow with the cheerful remark, "Here you app, dir!"

brought to the wrong place, and that
the cubman was personally responsible
for the blunder. That worthy had again
mounted the box and was gathering up
the reins preparatory to a start, when
the lieutenant, keeping in check for a
moment a rage that was bloodthirsty in
its vehemence, wheeled where he stood
and called out, "What church is this?"
"Trizity, sir!" said the cabman, with
a shade of injury in his voice.

Then the lieutenant sprang forward
as if he meant to commit murder, but
he reiented in time and stood still at
the curb shaking his fist at the man,
while he objurgated and reviled him in
German and English. Long before he
had ceased anathematizing the cabman
the latter, with a look of alarm such as

the latter, with a look of alarm such as one might bestew upon a dangerous innatic, whipped up his horse, and, with a look hehind to see whether he was being followed, vanished incontinently up the street.

The hopelessness of the lieutenant's predicament became intensified as he saw the object of his wrath disappear in the distance. It was late; long past the time for the welding, and he was alone in a remote quarter of an unknown city. Something must be done, and done quickly. He looked about him in search of a cab, but not one was visible. Just at that moment how. visible. Just at that moment, however, a street car came slowly up from Bowling Green, and when it finally reached him the lieutenant hailed it and got in, amid the admiring gaze of the passengers it had thus far picked up. The conductor was just then engaged in his first collection of fares, and the lientenant had only time to settle him-self in the farthest corner of the car when he in his turn was addressed po-litely but firmly with "Your fare, sir!"

Now, the Heatenant had not really ex-pected to be called upon to expend any money that evening, but in view of some possible emergency he had prowided himself with two bright \$20 goldpaeces. One of these he now produced. The conductor took it, examined it on both sides, and regarding the lieuten-ant quizzzically said: "You can't try that on here; it won't work." "But it is all I have," said the lieu-

"Then walk," was the suggestion as the conductor pulled the bell. The lientenant, burning with indignation, alighted, and once more stood alone on the curb. Then he sauntered on up the street in the direction taken by the car. At the Astor House he discovered a hansom that had just deposited a passenger on the sidewalk, and he hur-riedly hailed the driver.
"Where is the Church of the Holy

Trinity?" he shouted.
"Down there," said the cabman, pointing in the direction from which the lieutenant had come.

"No, 'I said the lieutenant, epigrammatically, "I do not mean there-up

"Oh!" said the cabman, "will ye be after goin up?"
"I will." returned the Heutenant,
"and I have the utmost huste."
"All right," said the cabman, "I'll

git ye up in good shape," at which the lientenant entered, and they started off. This time it must be conceded that the lieutenant was really at fault, and that, too, in spite of his previous experience with an insufficiently instructed driver. It ought to have been apparent to him with half an eye that this particular cabman hadn't the slightest idea where he was going, and had started out with the hope and intention of picking up his information on the way. Had his fare been listening for that sort of thing, be might have heard the following conversation carried on a litthe later between his own cabman and a colleague whom he had overtaken:

Say, Bill, where's Trinity?" "Down?" asked the colleague.

"West Twenty-five-off Broadway." They were going there now the near-est way, and it really was not very long before they came out into the blate of light at Madison square, and soon pull-d up in a throng of carriages at the dear of the church. The lieutenant rose to his feet and leaped out upon the sidewale. Without a word he recklessly

handed one of his \$20 goldpieces to the driver, and almost ran up the steps

Once inside the edifice the lieutenant fequal himself in the midst of an assem-hied multitude. Brilliant lights flash-d in all directions, the organ was play-ing settly, and there was the general arr ing softly, and there was the general arr of expectancy which always prevails just before the entrance of the bridal party. The licutemant's one thought was that he was still on time. The heatitude of the idea so possessed him that he did not heed the unber who politely stepped forward as he started down the center aisle, nor did he notice the hum of curiosity that ran over the church when he had advanced to the steps of the altar and turned and stood there erect and alone with an air that was sublime in its imperturbability. He had not arrived a moment too soon, for scarcely had be turned and faced the entrance when the bear of an postation grew loader; the introspective marmorings of the organ turned into the triumshant for of a wedding

channel steps, and two men in unexceptional black, one of them with the air of an actor who was to play a principal part, had accounted themselves near him. The licatement, whose senses were absorbed by the spectacio in frest of him, had seen nothing of all this, although the seen in black immediately noticest him and had exchanged significant glances of inquiry.

The procession alowly advanced. It was close upon him when his eyes for some inemplicable reason strayed for a moment from the bride and intelligently fastened themselves upon her escert, upon whose arm she leaned. He started, for it was not Mr. White. Something most anexpectedly have imposed to him, he thought, some sudden illiness, to keep him away. His glance quickly went hack to the bride, but this time he did not start. For an instead his heart stood still, and he ceased to breathe. He could not believe the evihis heart stood still, and he ceased to breathe. He could not believe the evidence of his eyes, but thought he had suddenly gene mad. Even though the veil covered and in part concenied her, the approaching figure was not him White. For one awful moment, that sometimes comes back to him in drasms, he stood there without a same or volition. Then he turned round and saw the two men in evening dress in the chancel behind him, and at once the horror of it all finshed through his mind.

How the licutement got out of the church he never knew, but it was not until he found himself on the sidewalk that he came once more into full pos-session of his faculties. Then he am-bied up to a policeman and inquired

What church is this?"

"Trinity chapel." was the reply.

Re did not groan—he was made of sterner stuff—but his heart sank like lead within him. He had to go to the corner of Fifth avenue before he found a cab that was disengaged. He didn't care, however, he was in no hurry now. He recognized the futility of even try-ing to hasten where haste could no lon-ger avail. When at last a man from the opposite side of the street signaled his readiness for a fare, he motioned him across and asked in a voice in whose appealing note of despair there was an infinite pathos, "Do you know where the Church of the Holy Trinity is?"

"I do, sir!" said the cabman. "Where is it?" "Corner Madison avenue and Forty-

second," was the reply.
"There," said the other wearily, "is

where I desire to go."

When the lieutenant arrived, crushed and discouraged, at the church for which he had started out in such high spirits earlier in the evening, he found it closed and deserted. He had known that this would be the case, and when the cab drew up in front of the building he didn't even dismount.

"The Dakota," he said hopelessly to the cabman, and then wondered at him-

self for having said it.

It is a long drive from the Church of the Holy Trinity to the great apartment house in West Seventy-second street, where the Whites lived. The lientenant, however, did not mind it this time, for it gave him the needed oppor-tunity to think over what course to pursue. Of one thing he was certain—and he accepted the fact grimly—he had lost Miss White. Then there came to him the realization of that loss. He thought bitterly of the lonely years that stretched out before him; how his family and friends in Vicena particularly. ily and friends in Vienna, particularly his fellow officers, would regard the affair, and he resolved to see her once more and learn whether he had forever forfeited all claim to her affection. The particulars of that interview have never been divulged, but Lieutenant and Mrs. von Lendheim certainly started the same evening on their wedding jour-ney. Mrs. White also left town imme-diately, which, considering the predic-ament in which the public was placed by the marriage notice that had duly appeared in the morning papers, was an unfair thing to do, but she had cer-

an unfair thing to do, but she had cer-tainly produced a social effect, though not exactly in the way intended. The lieutenant, in his faraway Vien-na home, is a happy man except when he thinks of that night in New York, then a cold, hard look comes over his face. Once in awhile a letter is received from Mrs. White, in which she expresses the hope that the two will soon come to America to make her a visit. When it is read aloud by his wife, the lieutenant says never a word-he merely shrugs his shoulders.—Ex-

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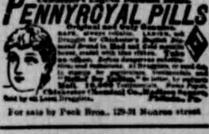


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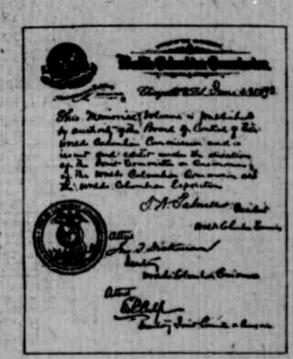
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